

A TALE OF SHAME AND CRUELTY.

By
JOSIAH OLDFIELD,
D.C.L., M.A., M.R.C.S.

Fifteenth Thousand.
Price One Penny.

THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE.
Paignton, England.

The Order of the Golden Age.

President and Founder:—SIDNEY H. BEARD.

Headquarters and Offices:

Paignton, England.

FOUNDED:

To proclaim and hasten the advent of a Golden Age when Humaneness, Peace and Spirituality shall reign upon Earth.

To promote universal benevolence, and to teach that obedience to the Divine Will and to God's *physical and moral* Laws is a practical remedy for the misery and disease which afflict mankind.

To advocate the adoption throughout Christendom of a bloodless and natural diet, because the practice of eating the flesh of animals is:—

1st.—A violation of one of the most important Physical Laws which govern man's being, and the cause of a large proportion of the visual limitation, degeneracy, disease and carnality with which our Race is cursed.

2nd.—A transgression against Moral Law; because it involves the massacre of millions of sentient creatures, and the infliction of an appalling amount of cruelty which is *totally unnecessary*.

To exalt Humane, Hygienic, and Spiritual Ideals, and to publish an Evangel of Health, Life and Power.

To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless and oppressed, and to deprecate cruelty and injustice and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

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A TALE OF SHAME AND CRUELTY.



There is such a growing interest in the creed of Humanitarianism, and the world of to-day is beginning to wake up to the fact that all cruelty, wherever it appears and of whatever form it may consist, is antagonistic to the development of the higher life and soul of man, that I have ventured to overcome the hesitation one feels in dealing with the unpleasant side of an unpleasant subject, and to draw attention to some of the evils connected with slaughter-houses and other facts associated with butchery.

Can an animal be killed painlessly? The unanimous experience of centuries of experimentation over the whole world is summed up in the short word "No."

We are, therefore, face to face with an enormous volume of pain continuing day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, century after century, deliberately inflicted by man,

directly or indirectly, for the sake of providing him a daily piece of flesh meat to eat.

If this daily piece of flesh meat were *necessary* then would the human race be of all mortals the most miserable, because it would be conscious of its inherent inability to rise to the height of Eternal "kindness" to which its higher aspirations long to attain. Man would be a creature endowed with a longing towards a state of Mercy, Love and Gentleness, but enchained to a state of practical Harshness, Hatred and Cruelty.

We are, therefore, as thinking, reasoning beings, face to face with the fact that we are deliberately inflicting an untold and unnecessary volume of agony upon sentient fellow creatures for the gratification of our appetite!



**For a
Luxury!**

In looking round upon the world of life, I can conceive of few things more terrible to contemplate than this question of butchery and all that it involves. In the daily butchery of animals, men are engaged in their loathsome, degrading duties, day after day, and year after year, and each night as the poor man wipes the blood off his hands and changes his blood-smirched clothes he

knows that he has killed his pile of innocent victims, and that the animals who but a few days before were bright in the beauty of health are now lying with glazed eyes and dripping limbs, dead, skinned and eviscerated, and mangled.

Those, therefore, who are eaters of flesh, are responsible for perpetuating in the land a race of humans doomed to an inhuman occupation.

Those who still persist in sacrificing the daily steak or chop at the altar of Stomach must be plainly told that by this selfish gratification of an unnatural appetite they are requiring that men shall be doomed to spend their lives in inflicting suffering and agony upon sentient fellow creatures, and thereby be themselves hindered from progressing towards that end to which all men are born, namely, the attainment of that attribute of gentleness and mercy which is the first manifestation of the divine in the human.



Cattle

Ships.

The cruelties of the slaughter-houses are intimately connected with the cruelties which precede the final act, and thus while not dealing with these in any detail, eaters of flesh should be told that these cruelties exist, *and will necessarily continue to exist so long as slaughter-houses stand.*

Just one short passage from **Cattle Ships*, to give an idea of the cruelties which precede the final scene:—

“On several occasions I saw the men pour paraffin oil into their ears, which, as soon as it reached the brain, caused the poor brutes to fairly shriek with pain. Occasionally the ears were stuffed with hay, which was then fired; while in many instances the tails were snapped in the endeavours of the cattle-men to force the animals, that had lain down from sheer exhaustion, to regain their feet. The commander of the vessel was appealed to, in the hope that he would order a cessation of these cruel practices. ‘I am, however,’ said he, ‘powerless to interfere in the matter. My duties are simply to carry out the instructions of my employers, the cattle being regarded by me as freight, nothing else.’ The reason that these animals, no matter how horribly mutilated, sick, or suffering, are not put out of their misery, is to be found in the imperative rules of the insurance companies both in New York and London.”

The preceding extract throws a gleam of light upon the awful picture of a cattle ship, and the horrors there suggested are borne out by the Report of the

* “Cattle Ships,” by Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. Price 1s.

Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture, 1894, in which the following terrible facts are brought to light:—



**The
Stick.**

“Stick marks, according to the evidence of witnesses in the trade, are easily recognizable, and consist of blue lines and patches discoloured with extravasated blood. The extent to which the use of the stick enters into the Irish cattle trade may be best understood by following the evidence as to the treatment of the cattle from the Irish Fair at which they are bought to the port of embarkation. Their treatment at some of the fairs according to Mr. Hedley, F.R.C.V.S., and Chief Inspector of the Veterinary Department at Dublin Castle, is ‘simply brutal.’ There are no means of separating the different lots of cattle, and a stick is used, often a very heavy one, to get the heads of the beasts together, so that they will not break away. The stick is used for the purpose of keeping them together or of separating them, and the beasts, many of which have been driven long distances during the night, are kept standing huddled together during the fair. After that they are driven to the railway stations, a process in which they receive more

beating, 'because the driver is paid so much for loading them, and the more frequently he can go backwards and forwards the more money he can earn.' "

Mr. Fleming, a bullock man of forty-one years' experience on board ship, pleaded that the stick marks were not made on board ship, but by the drovers who had charge of them going to and from the railways and markets. But Mr. O'Connor, an Irish cattle dealer, declared that there was ten times as much stick used on board the boats as anywhere else. Several witnesses spoke to beatings with ropes and sticks in order to force the beasts up or down steep gangways and cattle ladders.

"The worst class of bruises, however, are described as those which occur through animals falling or lying down on shipboard and getting trampled on. To these causes are ascribed not only extensive bruises of the muscles, but broken ribs and hips, and laceration of the subcutaneous tissues which connect the skin to the subjacent fasciæ of the back, at times so extensive that when the beast having been flayed along the legs and underportions, is slung up by the legs for the purpose of completing the operation, the skin on being loosened round the tail, is described as

dropping to the ground through its own weight. Thus Mr. Davies, ex-President of the Liverpool Butchers' Association, told us of a lot of seven bullocks so badly injured in this way that when they were hoisted, as described, in the process of flaying 'as soon as the hide was loosened from the tail, and cut off there, the hide simply flopped on the floor, there not being sufficient left intact to hold the hide on the beast's back.' These cattle had been landed on a Friday or Saturday, sold in the Liverpool Cattle Market on Monday, and slaughtered and flayed the same night.

"Again, Mr. Nelson, an extensive cattle salesman in Glasgow, declared that he had 'hundreds and hundreds of times' himself seen, when the cattle were partially flayed, the hides fall right off them owing to the bruises, and had often wondered how cattle could live and travel and stand the market in the condition which was revealed when the hide was taken off. As to broken ribs, Mr. Cassidy, an Irish dealer, who passed through his hands over 6,000 cattle per annum, put the number of cases of broken ribs at between 100 and 150, and told the Committee that out of one lot of twenty fat cattle which he had sold, the purchaser complained that he found ten of them with the ribs broken."

The Journey towards Death.

Just a peep into the world of patient endurance and pain which we are inflicting on the animal world, by depriving them of exercise, in order to fatten them, and then driving them long weary miles, to market and to death. Just a thought of those terrible journeys, when their exhaustion and hopeless weariness is no longer of any market importance, for they are so soon to die. If we turn to the same Report of the Commission to which I have already alluded, we find it stated that :—

“ A second cause in the deterioration in value of Irish cattle in transit has been stated to be want of water, fatigue on the journey from the breeders to the British market, and want of sufficient ventilation when at sea. The combined effect of these, together with the mental excitement inseparable from strange surroundings is said to bring about a “fevered” condition of the animal, manifesting itself in dry, sapless, and blackened flesh, which materially depreciates its market value. Many of the animals are sent from inland fairs to the port of embarkation. Some of them have been driven to the fair overnight, and are kept standing there during the day, it may be without food and water. When sold they are driven to the station and trucked, often already in a condition unfit even for the train journey. . . . Cattle have frequently to do without water for sixteen or twenty hours, and occasionally thirty-six or forty hours without food, and in an extreme case, like that mentioned by Mr. Abrahams, when a vessel has been detained by fog, they may find them-

selves unable to lie down and deprived of food and water for as much as fifty or sixty hours."

And in the *Animals' Friend* for November, 1894, the same subject is discussed in the following way:—

"Do you really think," I asked, "that there is really much cruelty involved in the whole or any part of the system under which people's tables are supplied with animal food?"

"Think?" he replied; "it is more than opinion, it is fact. Listen! Have you ever stood beneath Holborn Viaduct and watched the hundreds of animals passing by on a Monday night? Have you ever speculated for a moment what these poor creatures are going to face? Have you ever watched their massive bodies and noble heads, and pleading pathetic eyes, as in tired wonder they look in vain for a friend; yapped at by dogs and prodded from behind by drover, they have to limp on, footsore and weary, to their doom. Curious people stand and watch the efforts that are made to get some poor brute up again that has deliberately laid down, too tired to get a step further. Have you seen then what curses and sticks and tail-twisting will do? She is up again on her pathway of doom. *Morituri te salutant* is the meaning of those sad bellowings."

“Yes,” I remark, “I have seen those things and been sickened by them. When one gives one’s imagination play it seems dreadful.”

“Dreadful! Yes, and is it the drovers who are the torturers of those innocents? No, they are but the rude instruments of the market. They are the product of their trade, and as I look upon this passing procession of sentient creatures, I know that those who demand their carcasses for food are the ones who are really guilty for all that is entailed in this barbarous spectacle.”



No

Sympathy

It is too evident the slaughter-house must be a place where no sympathy can be expected from the slaughter-men towards the animals they are paid to hammer on the head, throat-cut, and kill. The stupid dazed creature that has no vitality left, and which comes up to the ring spiritlessly and meekly bows its head to be struck again and again till it falls, is the only one the slaughterman can have any sympathy for, and that because it lessens his own work. The moment the animal shows fear or fight (and ninety-nine out of a hundred beasts do so) pain and force must be used to compel it to move on to the place of doom: it must be agonized

up to its ring of death or the job won't be done to time—and what does it matter, a few tails twisted or horns broken, or eyes smashed, or tender parts prodded into the very living quick; the beast will soon be dead and we have to hurry up and get home to our tea.

In a letter to the *Standard* I showed that “There are three common modes of slaughtering animals, and the less usual methods are generally modifications of one of the chief ones. Animals are killed by either (1) cutting their throats and allowing them to bleed to death; (2) destroying sensibility by stunning with a mallet, or pole-axe, or mask-bolt, and then damaging the brain so as to cause death; (3) stabbing the animal in the neck by driving a dagger into the space between the base of the skull and the first cervical vertebra, and so injuring the upper part of the spinal column, or possibly the lower part of the medulla (depending on the direction of the stroke), and thus causing immediate paralysis, to be followed by throat-cutting or hammering to hasten death.

“In none of these cases can it be said, as your ‘Butcher’ correspondent states, that death is ‘instantaneous,’ but, none the less, it is probable that he is quite right in fixing two minutes as a period quite long enough for an animal to lose all

consciousness in, when the first method of throat-cutting is adopted. For this, however, it is necessary to have both a careful and a skilled man, while in a very large number of cases the want of skill of the slaughterman is shown by conscious movement (not the reflex epileptoid movements), which demonstrate that acute pain is still felt when the incisions are made for stripping off the skin.

“When as in a case of cattle, the second method is adopted, the total sum of agony which is inflicted in the public and private slaughter-houses of the land is too terrible to contemplate calmly. I have seen a fine young sensitive cow dragged up by the windlass to the ring, and then, as the slaughterman brought down the pointed pole-axe with all his force, he missed the spot, and the weapon struck into the eye, and burst it, and tore its way into places where the presence of many sensory nerves would cause the most atrocious agony. With bellowings of anguish, the poor creature dashed her head madly again and again against the wall, and it was some time (which seemed like centuries) before a blow was brought home and she stiffened out and fell.

“The third method of slaughter, which is now in vogue in St. Petersburg, Naples, Venice, Mayence, and a few other places,

probably entails still more suffering, for, though the animal at once falls into a heap, it is through muscle paralysis, and not through loss of consciousness, while the injury to the posterior sensory nerve roots of the spinal cord would necessarily cause the acutest agony. In butcher language, an animal is said to be 'killed' when it is down in such a way that it will die of itself without causing the butcher any further trouble. This, however, is not the language of humanity, and there is no way of ensuring market deaths without the enduring of bitterest sufferings by thousands and thousands of sentient creatures."

**In the
Slaughter-
house.**

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The usual method in vogue in England is to drive the animal to the door of the slaughter-house, and then throw a rope or chain over its horns, and then throw the other end of the rope over a beam, or attach it to a windlass, and so pull the animal in till its head is wedged firmly in a corner, or against a barrier. While the creature is held in this position the slaughterman takes a pole-axe (which is a very long handled hammer with a heavy head ending in a hollow steel spike), and standing in front of the animal, brings it down with all his force upon the centre of the

creature's head. The spike may penetrate the bone and stick fast in, and the man may break away a piece of the skull in getting it loose again, or the bony frontal bone may be so hard that it does not break its way in. In either case, the beast may fall at once as if shot, while the peculiar stiffening process runs all down the spine to the very end of the tail—a ghastly stiffening out in death, which, once seen, will never be forgotten. In some cases, however, the animal will not fall, but will only bellow and roar, and dash its body from side to side in its agony. If the rope or chain holds taut, so that the head cannot move, the man simply lifts up his axe again, and brings it down again as before with just the same result. If the man is strong and skilled, and the gearing is good, he nearly always succeeds in bringing the animal down in one or at most two or three blows, but if he is not very strong, or not skilled enough to hit exactly in the right spot, or if the animal can get its head at all loose in its agonizing struggles, he may hit away for several times, and may even—in rare cases—have to stop and rest awhile, while the poor thing stands in all the terror of death and suffering before him.

Where ropes are used, and these have to be tied in a primitive way, or held by

another man, the poor creature is generally able to get its head so far loose that much difficulty is experienced in getting it close up again and in hitting in the right spot; and what agonies are endured when an excited man is bringing down a spiked steel axe, blow after blow, with all his might upon the head, can be conjectured rather than realized. A blow above the orbit would break through and burst the eyeball; above the nose would force its way into the delicately nervous chamber where the olfactory nerves are all spread out and would cause intensest agony, while the front of the head generally below the margin of the frontal bone is highly sensitive and a life-time of suffering could be crowded into those terrible minutes which prelude unconsciousness and death.

To make the description of animal suffering in the slaughter-house clear, however, it must be remembered that there is not only the absolute and intense physical suffering which is endured during the actual process of killing to be considered, but in addition to this, there is the equally terrible mental and physical suffering which precedes the strokes of death.

In a roomy well-arranged abattoir, the little companies of the doomed, which are driven up pen by pen of about half-a-

dozen at a time, go readily and happily enough to the small enclosure outside the actual slaughter-house.

I have watched—with that sense of pain which comes over you when you see someone being deceived that you are powerless to help—the expectant beasts that had been deprived of food for the day, turn out with the utmost alacrity as their stall man opened the gate of their pen. Their tails swinging to and fro, with eager eyes and tossing heads they hurried along. Trust, confidence, and expectation of food written in every line of their expressive faces. And knowing as I did to what they were going so gaily, I shuddered with a shudder I could not repress.

It is strange how rapidly the poor animal becomes conscious of its danger, and if the first attempt is unsuccessful, it is often very difficult to induce it, in spite of all the shoutings, and cursings, and blows, to come near enough for a second trial.

As soon as the chain is over the horns, the veritable fight for life begins. It feels the power drawing at its head, and with all its might resists. The man behind prods it in tender places, and it shrinks forward from the blow; an inch further forward; it tries to get that inch

back again, but the force before is inexorable as fate ; a dexterous twist of the tail, and in sharp agony it rushes a step onward ; another foot nearer to death ; its head is now just inside the dark doorway, and its keen smell detects the dank odour of blood which fills the place. In the semi-darkness ahead, it sees the blood bespattered slaughtermen in their smocks, and a sense of infinite despair and terror seems to come over it.

Great, strong bullocks and cows, full of sensibility and with nervous organizations acutely perceptive, are so appalling in their terror ! Their eyeballs starting ; their tongues protruding ; the hard, rapid breathing ; the head dragged forward by the chain ; every muscle at its fullest tension ; every hair on end ; perspiration streaming from every pore, and bellowing, or still more, pathetically moaning, they are forced on towards the fatal ring. Slipping on the blood-slimes floor they fall, but every fall is only a little nearer the end. The bruises, the skin scraped off, the strains, are unheeded, it is *terror* which predominates.

It is this prelude of mental as well as physical suffering which stamps all the forms of slaughtering of large animals of highly developed organizations. The battle may rage about the Jewish

shechita, the Italian stab, the German mallet, or the English pole-axe, but the preliminary *via dolorosa* is the same in all, and is soul-revolting in every one.

These are descriptions of what takes place in an ordinary first-rate English abattoir. Similar accounts are given by Dr. Dembo, of St. Petersburg, not of what occurs in private slaughter-houses but in abattoirs. He describes the mallet process of stunning—one extract may serve to reveal to our readers the terrible price at which their daily meals are obtained.

“That the ox feels every succeeding blow is proved by its conscious movements, by the bellowing and groaning to which it sometimes gives vent, and by its turning round from one side to the other. The butchers know that very well, and continue to strike the animal until the movements cease—*i.e.*, until they are sure that he will not jump up any more. One must see the deep holes made with the hammer in the bones of the skull to form a right conception of the agony the animal has to suffer in this method of killing. Amongst my notes there is a case (and I could give the name of the slaughter-house if necessary) where the animal was struck with the hammer *eleven* times before it fell.”

The Jewish method consists in throwing the animal down and then cutting its throat. Of this it is enough to say that the Berlin Society for the protection of animals has circulated millions of leaflets against this Jewish method owing to the cruelty involved in it. Legislators have been moved to forbid it by law owing to the sufferings it entailed, and yet, horrible though it admittedly is, there is good reason to believe that it is not the worst method in use by far! If that which is upheld by hundreds of thousands of intelligent Jews as being one of the best methods known, be so bad, wherewith shall we classify the worst?



**The
Passing
Lives.**

In the first year of this new century we may calculate that *in England alone* over a million cattle are being done to death, over seven million sheep are offering their throats to the knife, and over two millions of pigs are sending up their piercing cries as they find themselves in the presence of a violent death.

This means that for the purpose of providing a *luxury*—not a *necessary*—of life, not a day passes but that nearly two thousand eight hundred cattle, nearly twenty thousand sheep, and over five

thousand pigs are put to death. Divide this still further, and we find that every hour, the whole day long and the whole night through, there are over a hundred cattle knocked down, over seven hundred sheep, and over two hundred pigs' throats cut. Still further we may drive the thought home and impress upon ourselves that every minute of the day, and every minute of the night as well, two cattle fall, and fourteen sheep and four pigs gasp in violent death.

In *England alone* as I sit and write, this tremendous sacrifice is going on all day and all night, and for every single breath I draw in life, an animal ceases to draw its breath in a painful and convulsive death—and all unnecessarily—to *satisfy a fashion in diet.*

This calculation of twenty violent deaths a minute day and night refers only to the higher and very sentient creatures and omits all thought of the thousands upon thousands of rabbits hares, fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, birds (game and otherwise), deer, etc., etc., which are doomed each day to die to swell "the food supply" of the nation. It also omits the vast number of animals who are slaughtered *in other lands* for shipment to England in connection with the "dead-meat traffic."

Who Try to grasp these figures,
will help remember that each animal
to end it? is a sentient fellow creature
 which knows the joys of living
 and the agonies of dying ;
 which has senses by which pleasure can
 be appreciated and on which the sharp
 stylus of pain can inscribe its terrible record.

Remember that each unit of all this awful total has to suffer its time of agony—in some cases a few minutes, in other cases many minutes, in not a few cases, hours, days, and weeks of suffering—in order that butchery may be done and the human animal may feed on the dead body of his fellow non-human animal ; and then try to picture the awful chorus of groans and cryings—voiceless but pitiful—which are going up day and night from the civilized (?) world and are calling out in despairing sadness “ How long ? How long ? ”

Well may we sometimes find it hard to answer the problem of the agnostic when he asks “ Can these things be, and yet God be good ? ”

Well may we shudder as we rise from their perusal and wonder that nineteenth-century men can stand up as apologists for their perpetuation in the future, even though they were excusable in that barbarous past which considered that polygamy,

slavery, and war to the utterest extinction, were in harmony with humanity and the eternal fitness of things.

We must not blame the past, neither must we *perpetuate* the past, but must remember that it is the duty of each age to take one upward step. Let us not forget the warning truth of the poet Lowell, that

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward, onward ever,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals.

There are thousands who are daily eating their bit of meat under a sense of duty mingled with a deep-down loathing.

They have been told that it is necessary for them to eat it, and in sweet docility they have trodden down their higher promptings and have eaten daily.

To such I would proclaim in no uncertain voice the day of deliverance and of freedom from their bondage.

Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body.

There are still thousands more who turn with tender pity to the lowing herds of thirsty cattle, driven to their doom, and vainly wonder what should be done.

With deep sympathy for all that sorrows and suffers, they turn away their faces from the slaughter-house, and shut out the terrible taint of blood-shedding from their dinner table.

With simple piety they carve the beef and will not think of the gentle mother cows they often have milked and patted.

They would dream terrible dreams, or lie long nights sleepless, if only they allowed themselves to *think*.

So they sorrow and sorrow, and wonder what it all means, and pray for the time when all this terrible chapter of agony and sorrow will be ended, and a new leaf will be turned, and the millennial joys will come.

To those myriad gentle longing souls I would say—your millenium is at hand.

The light is shining even now within your breast, and your own soul is trying to show you that here and now and to-day the joy of sacrifice may beautify your life.

Josiah Oldfield.

Humanely disposed persons are invited to circulate copies of this booklet in order to make the public realize, to some extent, the suffering which the carnivorous habit entails. Thousands of persons are adopting a natural and humane diet, through becoming acquainted with the facts of the case. To lessen the demand for animal flesh is the only way to decrease the number of the victims who are needlessly being sacrificed.

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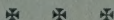
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